

THE LAWRENCIAN



LAWRENCE HIGH SCHOOL

APRIL, 1931



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The Lawrencian

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EDITORIAL

Gradually the days are slipping by. Soon vacation will be here. To some these are their last school days. Even now is not too late to begin to make them something to be looked back upon as "the good old school days." If you begin now to make these happy days for those who are leaving L. H. S. you will find that you are helping to make your own school life much brighter.

School days are something you will never regret having. You may not like them while you are spending them, but you will find that they make your life brighter and happier. They not only give you an education, but they teach you what companionship really means to a person. Probably you never have stopped to think just what the feeling of friendship means to you. Later in life you may some time be separated from your present friends. It will be then that you can think back to the cheery, bright, and companionable days spent among your schoolmates. Begin now to make the most of the pleasant

school life. If it isn't pleasant to you, begin now to make it so.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER

He turned, and with a firm, rapid step walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon the man. Without the slightest hesitation he went to the door and grasped its heavy iron ring.

Behind him the princess had risen to her feet, her hand clutched tightly on the bosom of her shining gown. Even before the door had begun to swing slowly outward, she had leaped with the agility of youth from the royal throne into the arena.

"Stop"!

Her cry rang out hard and clear in the silence. A million eyes turned on her.

Heavily did the father scowl. Gruffly he ordered the royal guard to seize his daughter and bring her to him.

But at the first clumsy movement among them, the princess turned and with a quick, animal grace ran to the side of her lover. She whirled about in front of him, as the guards, their armor flashing in the sun, reached the center of the arena. Their advance was rapid. In another instant they would surround her and bear her away.

With a swift movement, the

princess dashed away her lover's hand, and her own tiny jeweled fingers closed on the iron ring of the fateful door.

The guards fell back! The whole arena was on its feet!

Now! Which? The lady or the tiger?

A moment—the maiden turned, and her erect figure and pale face upturned to the sun were to live for many a day in the hearts and minds of those subjects, who now watched her closely.

By this time the people realized that their princess possessed the secret of the door.

The creaking of the seldom used hinges startled the silence, and the iron-bound door yawned widely.

Then a tawny body, massive in the merciless sunlight, hurtled out of the blackness. Cloth of gold and yellow fur mingled as the tiger screamed his savage, blood-thirsty cry. Women lost in amazement shrieked, while the men hollered in their hoarse voices, and the children wailed. But it did not prevent the tiger from burying his claws into the fallen prey.

But he whom her great love had thrust out of harm's way now sprang forward from the background. With a choked cry, he drew his dagger and flung himself on that yellow body. The glittering blade struck home more than once before the furious, lashing claws of the tiger were quiet, and conquered and conquerer lay side by side.

The youth's head rested on the outstretched arm of the princess, and across them lay the dead tiger, the symbol of "that too great love which had destroyed them both."

Margaret Papp '31

DAD WINS

The dog topic had been the bone of contention for the past two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Frayne. Sally Frayne simply would not consider having a dog. Lloyd thought that every boy should be brought up with a dog and four year old David Frayne should be no exception to the rule.

"I think you're just impossible, Lloyd, to expect me to feed and bathe some old mutt. Anybody would think I didn't have enough to do around this house. You have David now so that he just won't talk about anything but a dog, and I don't want to hear any more about it."

"Oh sure, I suppose you want David dolled up in Lord Fauntleroy suits, sitting around on a satin pillow all day. You're trying to make a sissy boy of him instead of a tough kid, the way he oughta be."

"Oh, you make me sick, always talking about bringing him up like a real boy. He is fresh enough now from playing around you so much."

Lloyd looked at her disgustedly and solemnly made up his mind that he had married a spoiled child.

Stepping onto the porch he gazed disconsolately over the rocky sea-shore that had been his summer play-ground for twenty-eight years. He could see himself as a little fellow with his collie, Max, romping around on the rocks; then there had been other children too, but now the adjacent cottages were the homes of older people. People with children went to real beaches for this was too rocky here and too uncomfortable for swimming, but he was very fortunate to have this place on his salary.

Anyway David needed something to play with, and a dog would be just the thing for out here. He could hear David in the house, and knew he must be up from his nap.

Darn her! He'd show her where she got off.

Monday morning Lloyd took the commuter's train to Boston and the weekly grind. At noontime he went to the Angel Memorial, and one little black Spaniel seemed to be more forlorn than the others, and he immediately made arrangements for the dog to be sent to David.

Wednesday morning he received a scathing rebuke from Sally on the telephone and the command to return the animal. Lloyd by this time was somewhat calmed and hung up with a potent, "Oh, Yeah?"

Saturday noon when he arrived at the cottage, David and Timothy pranced around him delightfully. The former prattled on about what a smart dog "Timothy" was, the latter bearing testimony to the fact by trying to tear the cuffs off Lloyd's trousers.

Sally met him at the door with a somewhat arctic kiss, also a determined look around her prettily shaped mouth.

"You're taking the dog back with you Monday morning. He is a cute dog and all that, but I can't be bothered keeping him away from our shoes. And now let's talk about what's happened during the week. David has had his lunch, but I waited for you."

Lloyd ate ravenously, telling her the happenings during the week between mouthfuls. After lunch Sally tackled the dishes, and Lloyd went into the den for a snooze on the couch.

Sally was busily engaged when

she heard a scratching at the screen door. It was a distracted Timothy who leaped and barked in some sort of a dog hilarity. Sally drove him away from the door and continued with her work, only to be disturbed shortly after by the same performance. This time Timothy was more excited and Sally again drove him off with a newspaper; her ignorance of canine intelligence was due to the fact that she had never owned a dog, but she waved him away and wondered where David was. Timothy refused to be sent away, and finally Sally went out on the porch and down on the steps with him. He would run a short distance and turn to see if she was following him. By this time Sally realized that the little pest had some particular motive in mind. As they went further along the rocks she began to be alarmed and kept up to Timothy, turning her ankle often. Finally they came to two big rocks, and between these was David, his foot solidly wedged between the jutting points. The tide was rising, and David was chest deep in water.

Hastily Sally grabbed him under the arms and hugged him with all her might. Finally his little shoe came off and his foot was free.

Sally was too excited to speak and carried the crying child back to the house, Timothy worriedly running back and forth. Lloyd had concluded his nap and was sitting waiting for them on the porch. She rapidly told Lloyd what had happened, and after binding David's foot, she took him and Timothy onto her lap and indulged in the feminine weakness of tears.

Lloyd smiled contentedly on the group and realized that Timothy

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had won his right to be "Timothy Frayne" forever.

Betty Henry, '31.

ONLY RIPPLES

It was in the middle of of August, and Byron Coffin was perspiring freely as he cranked the two-lung engine over which he was bent in the most cramped attitude. His chubby catboat was rolling lazily over the oily swell, and the sun was beating down on all three, the boat, engine, and Byron.

He could have afforded a faster and better boat for fishing as he had afforded his fast runabout and his dignified sedan boat, but no, he felt a strange attraction for this balky, chubby craft. He would rather vibrate over the waters at seven miles per hour in her than glide at fifty-five in his runabout. Therefore he cranked, not once, but hundreds of times, and then with a grin he calmly regarded the motionless machinery and swore.

A hardly audible gasp was heard, and he slowly turned to face a young girl drifting beside him in a Dodge Watercar Special Deluxe. He thought and wondered who she thought he was, that is, if she thought about him at all. Next he remembered the last phrase he had uttered and blushing apologized.

"Oh, I didn't even hear it," she said. "I was so amused by the queer expression of hope on your face."

"Hope?" he asked, "I haven't had the least bit of hope since this so-called machine started its noonday nap."

"Well, I can take you to the wharf if you like," she added, "I have the fastest boat around here,

and I know how fishermen work."

"So she takes me for a fisherman! Oh well, one trade is as good as another right now, but that crack about the fastest boat grates, and so I'll see," he thought as he climbed into the trim craft without regard for the leather upholstery and the damage done by his greasy clothes.

That is how Byron and Nellie first became acquainted, and as the speeder tore through the water at forty-five, Byron was content to remain a fisherman, and she was just Nellie.

Byron satisfied himself that he could trim the Dodge and then took his leave of the young lady.

Things went on as usual for him after that: the usual telegrams, broker's messages, and riff-raff.

It was Sunday again when he was driving his runabout and next met her. She was at the wheel of the Dodge, and Byron, pulling his goggles down, soon overtook and passed her; he crossed her bow and banked around in time to see her frantic efforts to push the boat to a higher speed. He smiled to himself and spun the craft towards home again, easily leaving the other boat behind.

"I wonder what will be the next move," he thought, as he sidled his craft into the boathouse.

Soon after his father said that the Van Dorf girl was home and that even if he didn't like any of the other girls he might at least be introduced to this one. In his mind, however, she was worse than any, although he had never seen her. He imagined her as a stuck up, pampered little thing that did nothing but sit around at lawn teas.

"Nothing doing," he told his fath-

er and thought of simple Nellie in the Dodge.

Three weeks floated by and he saw Nellie only now and then, but each time he was recognized as the fisherman, or else not at all.

At last the day drew near when he must go back to the city, and he went for a last, fast ride in his Yoho, the runabout. He had run eventually for about four miles, when he saw a long, low, silver craft ahead. Eager for a race he pushed his skimmer ahead faster, and the silver craft came to meet him. He almost fell overboard when he saw Nellie behind the wheel, and he had hardly time to pull down his goggles and prevent recognition. The boats pulled together and were off for a hard race; they roared over four miles of watery course, and then the "Yoho" gained a half length. The girl was feverishly pushing on the gas when the scraping, tearing, noise of a snag was heard, and the Silver Arrow plunged like a submarine.

Byron wheeled his craft to port and then did a right about turn. The Arrow's overheated engine burst with a terrific explosion, and he searched for what seemed days before he saw the white-clad form of the driver. He pulled her in and opened his craft up for the shore. Half way there he noticed a ring on her finger bearing the initials N. V. D.

Slowly the girl sat up and said, "I'm not hurt; I was just shaken up a bit," and then as she looked him over she added, "So it's you, the much sought for Coffin."

"Yes," he replied, "and to think you would turn out to be that stuck up Van Dorf girl. I guess the fates

are against me, and I may as well give in."

Arthur Dunham, '30.

THE LITTLE SQUARE BOX

(Continued from last month)

Victor was barking, and Jack jumped up to see what the trouble was. Then there was a crash like falling glass out in the dining room. We rushed out there and found a big rock with a note tied to it; the rock had been thrown through the window. The note read something like this: "Look for a blue box on the beach." There was no signature, and it was written in a fine, clear hand.

We were a good deal startled and a little frightened and worried. Jean positively refused to do anything but hug the dog and he thought the noise had been a part of the game; so he wagged his tail and barked; that made us all jump.

It was very late when we retired for the night, and none of us slept well. Jean insisted on taking Victor to bed with her. Jack kept getting up and going down the stairs, which I am sure never creaked so loudly before. For myself I sat up in bed hugging White Sox for consolation. I dozed off to sleep to dream of tiny, blue men chasing me.

The next morning, Jack, Jean, and I went to the beach armed with a shovel. We had decided during breakfast that the "blue box" would quite likely be buried.

We hunted and hunted, but we found nothing. We looked behind every stone and rock and behind bushes that straggled along a bank; yet no blue box. Finally we sat down to rest. While we were sit-

ting there on some rocks Jean noticed a little stick standing upright in the sand; the end was painted blue. She gave a little cry and pointed to it. Jack pulled it up. The sand around it was loose as if recently dug up.

Jack took the shovel and half-heartedly began to dig. He dug about two feet down into the sand, and the shovel grated against something. That "something" brought Jean and me to our feet. The "something" was an iron box. It was square and covered with curious figures, and it was painted bright blue.

We started up to the house, Jean in the lead, Jack carrying the box, and I the shovel.

What excitement! We tried everything to get that box open. Finally it gave way. Inside was a nest of blue cotton. We found nothing but a slip of paper with a sardonic "Ha, Ha" printed on it. We shook the cotton and a glittering something fell from it.

"Nothing but a piece of glass," said Jack when I picked it up.

"Let me see it," whispered Jean. She looked at it and then said, "It's a blue diamond; I'll bet on it."

We wouldn't believe this; so to settle the dispute that had arisen we drove to town to see an old jeweler.

He took the stone and went into a back room and was gone quite a while. When he came back he said, "That is a very valuable blue diamond; if it were cut, its value would be still greater."

We gasped, and after a little thought and discussion decided to leave the stone with him to have it cut and polished.

When we went out of the shop

Jack said, "Guess that little guy must be fond of blue coloring."

We went home with high hopes, and each of us felt that we had found a gold mine.

About a week later we went to the jewelers again.

He greeted us with a queer expression on his face. Jack asked about the diamond. The old fellow shook his head and went into the room back of his store. He came back with a box. In it were little particles of stuff that looked like splinters of glass.

"This is the diamond; it was cracked. When it was uncut that crack couldn't be seen unless examined with a very sensitive glass. I'm sorry." That was all he said—indeed it was enough.

We took the box and trooped out of the shop. When we got home Mother said, "And that explains the "Ha! Ha!"

Florence Howes, '32.

SCHOOL NOTES

Roll of Honor 1929-1931

These graduates of Lawrence High school by vote of their fellow students have best exemplified in their school life the ideals of Loyalty, Honor, and Service.

1929—Priscilla S. Bowerman

1929—R. Thomas Goffin

1930—Barbara Elisè Vallis

1930—E. Prescott Tripp, Jr.

1931—Virginia Leatherbee

1931—Robert A. SanSouci

Sportsmanship Brotherhood

On April 17 the Lawrence High School Chapter of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood initiated Edward Studley, Morton Simmons and Felice Franco as new members.

The Yellow Shadow

The Yellow Shadow, a mystery thriller by Clark Willard, will be presented on May fifteenth by the L. H. S. Dramatics Club. This is an attempt to restore an annual school play. Try to make it a success by giving us your cooperation.

The cast includes Charlotte Gaynor, Virginia Leatherbee, Ellen Barstow, Isabel Jenkins, Jennie Baker, Bob MacKenzie, Jimmy Dufur, Gifford Griffin, Ed Studley and Howard Pease.

Senior Prom

The Senior prom will be held May eighth. It is one of the most colorful events of the season. Be sure to make arrangements to be there. Those on the committee are: Betty Henry, Betty Wiswall, Ellen Hamblin, Irene Norris, Joe Sheehan, Karl Bohaker and Harry Handy.

Base Ball .

The baseball schedules will be out soon. Get one, and attend all the home games. Tickets for home games will be sold by Jack Nichols and Howard Pease. All those who have cars which they will be able to use for out of town games are asked to report to the manager.

Benefit Movie

A movie, "The Great Meadow," was given at the Elizabeth theatre on April 21st for the benefit of the Senior prom. Candy was sold by the Senior girls. The profit was about \$50.

FALMOUTH 5; MIDDLEBORO 1

The L. H. S. baseball team played

the first game of the season at Middleboro on Saturday, April 18, against Middleboro High school. The game was scoreless until the first of the fifth inning, when Falmouth scored one run. In the seventh inning Falmouth started a rally by scoring three runs, but Middleboro came back with one run in the last part of the inning. "Buck" Handy, veteran pitcher of Lawrence High, struck out seventeen men; while Kraus of Middleboro fanned eight. Studley, Welch, Figuerado, and Handy each chalked up two hits apiece.

The lineup for Falmouth is as follows:

Figuerado, cf;	Welch 1b;	Studley 2b;	Handy p;	Barry c;	Perry ss;	Behan rf;	Costa lf;	Goudreau 3b.
Falm'th	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	1 0—5
Middleboro	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0 0—1

FALMOUTH 12; TABOR 3

Falmouth played for the first time this year on the home field in a five inning practice game against Tabor Academy on Wednesday, Apr. 22. The visitors offered little opposition, and the final score was 12 to 3 in favor of Lawrence High. Captin Johnny Martin pitched a good game for Falmouth, with seven strikeouts. Welch and Martin each got two hits.

The lineup for Falmouth is as follows:

Figuerado cf;	Welch 1b;	Ingram 2b;	Handy ss;	Franco 3b;	Costa lf;	Behan rf;	Barry c;	Martin p.
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Subs: Young, SanSouci, Dackson, Studley, Sheehan, Goudreau, MacKenzie, and Perry.

Falmouth	0	3	8	1	x—12
Tabor	0	0	0	0	3—3

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Chas. Burgess, Prop.

"Supohmore Poems" 29

1.
Through the clouds
Above the earth,
These free birds fly along,
In airplanes glide along,
In horses behind the doubting clouds.
Through the clouds
Over the sea,
"We" still go along.
Maybe it's men, but sure it's
The guides like "We" along.

Howard Pease

A Pirate
I'm bold and still a pirate
Sailing over the raging sea,
My boat is but a little row
But what is that to me?

Lydia De Mello

Virginia Peters

L. H. S. Baseball Schedule

1931

April	18	Middleboro	1	away	5
	22	Tabor Academy	3	home	13
	25	Fairhaven	3	away	5
	28	Wareham	3	away	4
May	1	Oak Bluffs	0	home	13
	6	Tabor Academy	8	away	14
	8	Bourne	1	home	7
20	13	Oak Bluffs	2	away	7
	15	Barnstable	1	home	6
	19	Wareham	3	home	?
	22	Barnstable	6	away	11
	26	Fairhaven	9	home	4
June	2	Bourne	3	away	6
	6	Middleboro	0	home	9

hurt;
reath